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# DAPHNIS and MENALCAS:

# A PASTORAL.

Sacred to the MEMORY of the

## Late GENERAL WOLFE.

And humbly inſcribed to the Right Honourable

## WILLIAM PITT, Eſquire.

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*Eruit ille Argos, Agamemnoniaſque Mycenas;*
*Ultus avos Trojæ, templa et temerata Minervæ.*
*—Oſtendunt terris hunc tantum fata; neque ultra*
*Eſſe ſinunt:——*
*Quantus ille virûm magnam Mavortis ad urbem*
*Campus aget gemitus! vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis*
*Funera, cum tumulum præterlabére recentem!*
*—His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani*
*Munere.* VIRG.

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MDCCLIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# DAPHNIS and MENALCAS:

# A PASTORAL.

Sacred to the MEMORY of the

## Late GENERAL WOLFE.

A RURAL Muſe attempts your Hero's praiſe;
Vouchſafe, great Patriot, to accept the lays;
Unequal as they are to ſuch a theme,
That aſks a *Homer*'s or a *Virgil*'s flame.
Oh! did the breath of that celeſtial fire
That burn'd ſo bright in theirs, my breaſt inſpire,
Strong as the martial Ardor WOLFE poſſeſs'd,
Or as the Country's Love that warms thy breaſt,

Then thou, and all the wond'ring world ſhould ſee
A Poem, worthy him, and worthy thee.
But here *Apollo* checks my ſoaring wing,
Of wars, and fighting fields forbids to ſing;
And ſoftly whiſpers, " *Thyrſis!* keep the plains,
" Content to ſound the Reed to liſt'ning ſwains;
" Nor ſmall the praiſe, if *Britain*'s Patriot ſmile,
" The Muſe inſpire, and *Phœbus* crown the toil."
In that new world where other ſuns ariſe,
And other ſtars and planets gild the ſkies,
Two Swains (from *Britain* one deriv'd his birth,
And one, untravell'd, till'd his native earth;)
From rural cares to ſhady groves retir'd,
Thus ſung, and anſwer'd as the muſe inſpir'd.

DAPHNIS.

Soft is the muſic of that murm'ring ſpring,
But not ſo tuneful as the notes you ſing:
Sweet whiſpers thro' the pines the breezes bear,
Your lays are ſweeter to my raviſh'd ear.

Then

Then here, where wreathing trees have form'd a bow'r,
Let us, reclin'd, in ſinging waſte an hour;
Sing black *Monimia*'s, fair *Parthenia*'s praiſe;
While each may anſwer in alternate lays.

MENALCAS.

Not *Windſor*'s foreſts, nor my native *Thames*,
At once the Monarch's ſeats, and Muſe's themes,
Afford ſuch proſpects to the wond'ring ſwain,
A ſtream ſo mighty, and ſo rich a plain,
As this new world; by nature's forming hand
From chaos rais'd, for *Britons* to command.
But here I dread the ſpeckled ſerpent's bite,
And falling dews, that trees collect by night.

DAPHNIS.

Then to the naked ſteep let us repair,
Where nodding promontories hang in air;
Thence we ſhall ſee our grazing flocks below,
At diſtance hear the thund'ring cat'racts flow,

And thence ſurvey, as from great nature's throne,
The worlds that WOLFE has made, and AMHERST makes our own.

MENALCAS.

Lead on; I follow: In your native land
Your try'd experience muſt the choice command;
And if you ſing, as when th' enraptur'd ſwains
In ſilence liſten'd to the rival ſtrains,
When you and *Thyrſis* ſtruck th' alternate lyre
(He loves black beauties, you the fair admire;
*Monimia*'s ſable charms employ his ſkill,
*Parthenia*'s praiſes your ſoft meaſures fill)
The hungry herds ſhall liſten from below,
The trees forget to move, the gales to blow;
Its fall the thund'ring cataract ſuſpend,
The river riſe in heaps, and to the ſtrains attend.

DAPHNIS.

Alas! theſe flattering vanities are o'er,
Nor can ſuch trifling themes amuſe me more.

Whom

Whom ſhould we ſing but WOLFE the bold and brave?
Whoſe finiſh'd Virtue finds an early grave;
Who, conqu'ring for his Country, ſmil'd in death,
And worlds bequeath'd her with his parting breath.
Then hear the artleſs verſe I lately made;
I'll ſing him living, you lament him dead.

MENALCAS.

Begin the ſong, reſound the Warrior's praiſe;
Myſelf ſhall anſwer in no vulgar lays.
Both worlds ſhall weep the Hero brave and young;
The world he conquer'd, that from which he ſprung.

DAPHNIS.

O native Land! long toſs'd in dire alarms!
Too long a helpleſs prey to lawleſs arms!
Rejoice! a golden period is begun:
Rejoice! the fates a happier thread have ſpun;
And bleſſing, as it runs, the ſacred clue,
Expoſe to future times a web of fairer hue.

Behold

Behold his choſen Chief our Patriot ſends,
On *France* the brandiſh'd thunderbolt deſcends.
He comes; the Hero terrible in War
I ſee, and hail his bright approach from far,
Our world's reſtorer, and our Polar ſtar.
Glad beams of conqueſt round his temples play;
The foes behold with terror and diſmay,
And from the fierce effulgence turn their eyes away.

Ye flocks and herds, along the meadows ſtray;
By purling ſtreams, ye lambs, ſecurely play:
Your flocks and herds in peace, O ſhepherd, tend,
Your ſong may lengthen till the ſun deſcend;
Then back in ſafety to your cot repair,
And hope to find your wife and children there:
No ambuſh'd *Indian* lurks to rob of life
Your tender children and your faithful wife.

In ſafety to the woods, ye hunters, go
To chace the deer, and pierce the bounding roe;
To peopled lakes explore the beaver's track,
And ſtrip the livery from his gloſſy back:

Then,

Then, ſafe return'd with trophies of the chace,
Your lovely nymphs with furs and ſables grace.
Wield the broad axe, lay groaning forefts bare:
Ye ſwains, on cedar beams your manſions rear;
Incloſe the planted grounds; ſecurely throw
The ſeed in earth, it ſhall ſecurely grow:
Your rural ſeats expect your glad return,
Your hoſpitable hearths again ſhall burn.
The great Deliv'rer comes, in armour dreſt,
With terror plum'd, and conqueſt on his creſt.
At his foreſeen approach already fly
The *Gauls*, their *Indians* raiſe the barb'rous cry.
Ye ſailors, launch your ſhips, and looſe your ſails,
Catch the firſt favours of the ſpringing gales;
Deſert the ſhore, ſecure with every breeze,
Yours are the treaſures of the peopled ſeas:
And yours the ports. The ROYAL ISLAND falls;
He plants the ſtandard on the batter'd walls,
Which, like a meteor blazing in mid-air,
Denounces conqueſt, and ſucceſsful war.

But

But greater labours yet remain behind;
New conqueſts riſe to his undaunted mind:
New worlds to pierce, new regions to explore,
Where *Britiſh* ſtreamers never flew before.

From ſouthern ſkies *Eteſian* breezes blow,
With your warm breath diſſolve the molded ſnow;
Diſcharge th' encumber'd gulph, and clear the ſea
Of continents of ice that ſtop the Hero's way.
Thou mighty river, ſire of *Indian* ſtreams,
That ſeem'ſt an ocean to the boaſted *Thames*,
Unfold thy boſom, open all thy ſhoals,
Suſpend thy headlong torrent as it rolls,
A friendly harbour to the Chief afford:
Thou infant world, receive and own thy Lord;
Freed by his conqu'ring hand from *Gallic* chains,
O'er thy unnumber'd lakes, and boundleſs plains,
A *Britiſh* liberty for ever reigns.

Some God inſpires. In my prophetic eye,
O'er fall'n QUEBEC I ſee our ſtreamers fly;

The Empreſs of this world unfold her gates,
And yield at laſt to *Britain*'s better fates:
Our conqu'ring hoſts purſue their deſtin'd rounds,
Pervade the Continent's extremeſt bounds;
Rocks, lakes, and foreſts, all their ſtrengths reſign,
And this unmeaſur'd world, O *Britain*, thine!

All hail, AMERICA! the age of gold
Which *Greece* and *Italy* enjoy'd of old;
When *Jove* was yet unborn, in *Saturn*'s reign;
E'er ſwords were forg'd, or ſacrifices ſlain,
Or earth was wounded by the ſhining ſhare;
When fields were common, like their ambient air,
Nor hollow drums, nor trumpets angry breath,
In ruſhing armies rais'd the rage of death.

In this fair clime, reliev'd from civil rage,
Victorious WOLFE revives the golden age:
On naked rocks, unbidden roſes blow,
On barren heaths, ſpontaneous harveſts grow,
Swamps rear the olive, mountains feed the vine,
Our fields o'erflow with milk, our rivers run with wine:

Divine *Aſtrea* (for our pray'rs prevail)
Deſcends from Heav'n, and lifts aloft her ſcale:
Now murder, fraud, and impious warfare ceaſe,
The ſavage *Indian* tribes depart in peace:
O'er this vaſt empire, ſtretch'd from main to main,
One Law, one People, and one Monarch reign;
And the propitious Æra now begun,
Sees its majeſtic years in one ſmooth tenor run.

When diſtant EUROPE bellows with alarms,
And her vex'd nations madly ſtart to arms;
When *German* rivers, choak'd with heaps of ſlain,
Swoln o'er their banks, run purple to the main;
When groans with hoſtile navies, Ocean's flood,
And ſeas are dy'd with *French* and *Engliſh* blood;
Our ſwains ſhall hear, by ev'ry wind that blows,
Of wars; and hearing, bleſs their ſweet repoſe:
Our vales with muſic and with joy ſhall ring,
And on our native hills our muſes ſing
The praiſe of WOLFE, and bear his glorious Name
To lateſt ages down, their never-dying theme:

A Chief,

A Chief, like *Bacchus* or *Alcides* great,
The Victor of a world, and Former of its fate.

MENALCAS.

Well haſt thou ſung; and with a heav'n-born flame
Rehears'd his godlike Deeds, and rais'd his deathleſs Name:
My kindling boſom glows with equal fires;
Attend the ſong, for now the Muſe inſpires.

Acroſs the Main the fatal tidings fled
To Parent *Britain* of her Hero dead:
The new-found world his conqu'ring arm had gain'd,
The ſwelling burſt of ſorrow ſcarce reſtrain'd;
Joy, more than grief, in ev'ry face appears;
If joy was ſeen, 'twas joy chaſtis'd by tears:
All mourn a Conqueſt which ſo dear had coſt,
Nor think the world acquir'd requites the Life they loſt.

Raiſe one loud Chorus, one lamenting Strain;
Mourn, Parent *Britain!* mourn your Hero ſlain:
Mourn, both ye Worlds! the Warrior brave and young;
The world he conquer'd, that from which he ſprung.

Ev'n the great Patriot grieves, concern'd to find
The work too well perform'd which he ſo well deſign'd:
But hoarding Vengeance in his conſcious breaſt,
This firm reſolve the riſing grief repreſs'd:
He vows, THE WORLD THAT CAUS'D THE FATAL STRIFE,
SHALL PAY THE FORFEIT OF SO BRAVE A LIFE.
Whilſt our great Monarch equals all his cares,
Approves his Purpoſe, and his Sorrow ſhares.
Genius of *Britain!* Guardian God! allow
The promis'd vengeance, and fulfil the vow!

Be reverence to your King and Patriot paid;
Mourn, *Britons!* and with them revenge your Hero dead.

The fatal rumour reach'd his Mother's ears;
In ev'ry breath his Fame and Fate ſhe hears.
No more a Mother; furious with deſpair,
She rends her garments, and ſhe tears her Hair;
And oft in frenzy calls upon her Son,
Whoſe race of Glory is ſo ſwiftly run.

Revere the Matron, from whoſe ſacred womb
Sprung ſuch a Hero, loſt by ſuch a doom.

Drown

Drown her wild wailings in a louder ſtrain;
Mourn, *Britons!* mourn with her a Son and Hero ſlain.

The pious Son a weeping Mother left,
In drooping age of ev'ry joy bereft:
Not filial duty could conſtrain his Stay;
From Beauty, Love, and Youth he forc'd himſelf away;
Untaſted beauty, which the fates decree
His arms no more ſhall fold, his eyes no more ſhall ſee;
He left a mourning Bride; ſo much above
He priz'd his Country's, o'er his Miſtreſs' Love.

Mix ſofter ſorrows; raiſe a tender ſtrain;
O *Britons!* mourn with her the Bridegroom ſlain:
Mourn, both ye Worlds! the Warrior brave and young;
The world he conquer'd, that from which he ſprung.

In vain the Hero pledg'd his faith, to come
To her expecting arms, with Glory home;
Conqueſts he gain'd, and blooming Laurels wore;
Fore-doom'd, ah! never to behold her more,
Or gaze with rapture on her lovely face;
She has already had his laſt embrace.

Mix ſofter ſorrows; raiſe a tender ſtrain;
O *Britons!* mourn with her the Bridegroom ſlain:
Mourn, both ye Worlds! the Hero brave and young;
The world he conquer'd, that from which he ſprung.

O Nymph divine! the grief thy boſom bears,
Seek not to hide, but give it vent in tears:
Array'd in ſable weeds diſplay thy woe,
Proud that Mankind thy matchleſs choice ſhould know;
For who would not be proud of ſuch a Love;
Of Queens on earth, or Goddeſſes above;
A Chief, in bloom of youth, his Country's pride,
Who won one world, and for another dy'd?

*Britain* ſhall mourn with thee thy Bridegroom ſlain,
Soft ſorrows mix, and raiſe a tender ſtrain;
Both Worlds ſhall weep thy Hero brave and young;
The world he conquer'd, that from which he ſprung.

His breathleſs coarſe all decent Honours wait,
And thou ſhalt ſee him grac'd with all the pomp of State.
One face of ſorrow a whole People wear,
Kings, Princes, Senates, weeping round his bier;

Victorious

Victorious Hoſts, which He to combat led,
Whom living they ador'd, lamenting dead:
Thro' crouded ſtreets the ſad Proceſſion go,
And Earth's Metropolis one ſcene of woe.
Pay grateful Honours to his ſacred Shade;
Mourn, Parent *Britain!* mourn your Hero dead.
Raiſe to his Memory, and deathleſs Name,
The ſculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.
Show him like *Phœbus*, Patron of the bow,
Graceful in Youth, like *Jove*'s his awful brow.
How gazing armies fix on him their eyes,
Reſolv'd, like him, each ſoldier fights or dies.
Show how the *French* and ſavage *Indians* fly
The Thunders of his arm, and Lightnings of his eye;
How at his felt approach their City ſhakes;
Thro' all its hundred States their empire quakes,
Reſigns its foreſts, and ſubmits its lakes.
Raiſe to his Memory, and deathleſs Name,
The ſculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.

Now

Now ſhow the ſad reverſe; the Hero lies
As if in pleaſing ſlumbers; clos'd his eyes,
That martial Ardour ſtill, in death, expreſs'd
That Country's Love which warm'd his dauntleſs breaſt.
With wreaths of Laurel let his brows be bound,
With broken arms and truncheons ſtrew the ground,
Plant Armies, Senates, Princes, weeping round.
By golden armour, and a radiant creſt,
And martial port, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Place noble GRANBY, AMHERST, TOWNSHEND there,
Mourning their Friend, and Brother of the War.
Fix'd as a ſtatue, near his much-lov'd ſide,
In ſilent ſorrow, place the beauteous Bride.
But oh! what magic ſculpture can expreſs
The Parent's grief, the Mother's deep diſtreſs!
Like *Hector*'s Mother be the Matron laid,
A ſable mantle o'er her rev'rend head,
Growing to earth, and groveling on the Dead.
Then ſhow the Royal Sire, with outſpread hands
And lifted eyes (as now perhaps he ſtands)

Invoking

Invoking Heav'n; and on his awful brow
Engrave in living lines this ſolemn Vow;
THE CONQUER'D WORLD, THAT CAUS'D THE FATAL STRIFE,
SHALL PAY THE PRICE OF THIS LAMENTED LIFE.
While at his ſide our ſecond *Father* ſtands
To hear and to fulfil his dread commands;
And *Britain*'s Genius, hov'ring in mid-air,
Confirms the ſolemn vow, and hears the Monarch's pray'r.
Raiſe to his Memory, and deathleſs Name,
The ſculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.
Now high above let op'ning Heav'n diſplay
Its everlaſting gates, that flame with Day;
Place Gods and Demi-gods and Heroes round,
By *Jove* himſelf the ſacred Synod crown'd:
Let all behold th' immortal Spirit riſe;
With ſong the Muſes hail him to the ſkies:
His ſeat with thoſe who conquer'd as they bled,
Betwixt the *Theban* and the valiant *Swede*;
While his great Father, with a Father's joy,
Receives, alas! too ſoon, his darling Boy.

Heav'ns! what mine eyes behold, may I believe?
Or dreams my fancy, and its dreams deceive?
See, from the ſpot where our great Hero lies,
A meteor ſhine, a trail of light ariſe;
And now it ſpreads, and now aſcends the ſkies.
See, forked light'nings in the Weſt appear;
Hark! on the Left it thunders thro' the clear.
'Tis paſt a doubt—there ſoars th' immortal Soul
To manſions of the Bleſt, above the Starry Pole.
Ye Gods, ye Demi-gods, behold him riſe;
With ſong, ye Muſes, hail him to the ſkies;
And thou, great Father, with a Father's joy,
Receive, too ſoon for us, thy darling Boy.

Let unavailing tears no more be ſhed;
No more, ye *Britons*, mourn your Hero dead:
He lives in Bliſs; his Guardian Care protects
Your hoſts in Conqueſts, he no more directs:
He lives in Bliſs; his Guardian Care extends
To your lov'd Iſle, his Arm no more defends.

## DAPHNIS.

O heav'nly Poet! ſoft deſcending rains
Are not ſo welcome to the anxious Swains,
When *Sirius* throws his burning beams around,
And threats their hopes, committed to the ground;
Nor fragrant thyme to the laborious Bee,
Is half ſo grateful, as thy Song to me.
Not thirſty Trav'lers in the deſart hear
Freſh falls of water murmur in their ear;
Nor ſweating Lab'rers in the ſun-burnt vale
Receive, with greater joy, the cooling gale;
Than I, in ſilence and attention hung,
Have ſat, and liſten'd to the ſtrains you ſung.
Who would not die like WOLFE to ſhare his Praiſe,
And ſhare thoſe Honours promis'd in thy Lays!
Still ſuch to *Britain*, gracious Heav'n! allow;
Like him to conquer, and to ſing like you!
But ſee the Herds, their haſty ſupper done,
Draw near the fold, retiring with the ſun:

The Slaves their wearied limbs at eaſe recline;
The taſk perform'd their wayward Lords enjoin.
All reſt but one, who with unwearied toil
Protracts the day, and works the ſtubborn ſoil:
Two taſks at once his pious hands engage,
To ſpare his pregnant wife, and father's age,
Untutor'd Slaves confeſs Paternal Right;
Soft Love their fierceneſs tames, and makes their bondage light.

Now from the cottage ſee my *Delia* come;
Lo! to our ſimple meal ſhe warns us home:
The ev'ning ſtreaks of light in darkneſs end;
Then let us hence, e'er noxious dews deſcend.

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